WILLIAM HEMMINGE

Elegy on Randolph's Finger

157

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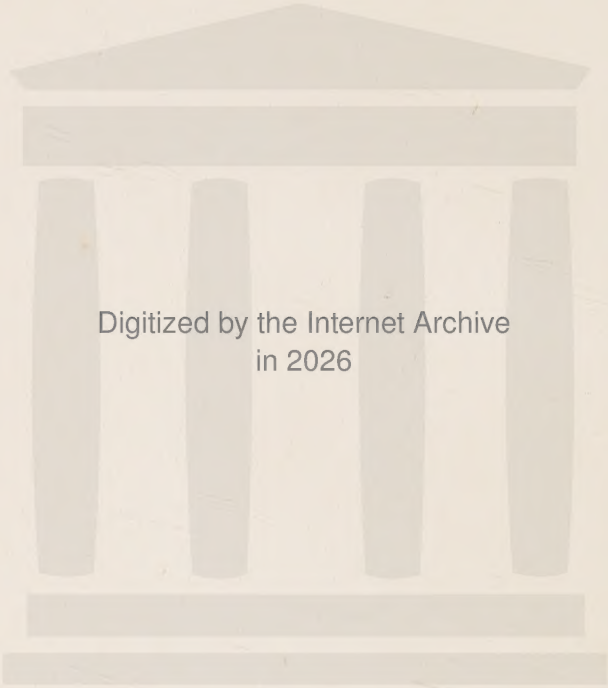
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WILLIAM HEMMINGE'S ELEGY ON RANDOLPH'S FINGER

Containing the Well-Known Lines 'On the Time-Poets'

Now first published
with an Introduction and Notes
by G. C. Moore Smith

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PREFACE

I DESIRE to express my obligations to my friend, Mr H. F. B. Brett-Smith, for the great interest he has taken in this publication, and for the erudite help he has given me in checking my reading of the MS. and in many other ways.

I persuade myself that my little 'find' would have had a special interest for the brilliant and generous-hearted Arthur Henry Bullen, and am therefore particularly pleased that it should be given to the world of letters by Bullen's own foundation, the Shakespeare Head Press.

The University, Sheffield. G.C.M.S.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION page 1
Textual Note 9
Hemminge's Elegy on Randolph's Finger 11
Hemminge's Lines written in Ludgate Prison 20
Notes on the Elegy 21
Appendix
'On the Time-Poets' 32
T. Randolph, 'Vpon the losse of his little finger' 34
T. Randolph, 'On the losse of his Finger' 35

WILLIAM HEMMINGE'S ELEGY ON RANDOLPH'S FINGER

INTRODUCTION

THE fifty-nine lines 'On the Time-Poets' included in *Choyce Drollery* (1656) are famous for the graphic strokes with which the writer introduces thirty different representatives of Elizabethan literature. But though the lines for this reason have been constantly quoted, their origin and authorship have remained unknown.[1] Mr Ebsworth, who reprinted *Choyce Drollery* in 1876,[2] writes of the poem: 'Glad are we to give it back thus to the world; our chief gem, in its rough Drollery-setting... Our joy would have been greater, could we have restored authoritatively the lost sixteenth line by any genuine discovery among early manuscripts, or told something conclusive about the author. . . In deep humility we must confess that nothing is yet learnt as to the authorship.'

Happily enough, the event, which Mr Ebsworth sighed for, has come about. The authorship and date[3] of the lines are now revealed to us, and the lost sixteenth line is found. But, more than that, the text of

[1] As early as 1691, G. Langbaine in his *Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, though he quotes from the 'Time-Poets' *passim*, has no knowledge of the authorship of the lines.

[2] The *Time-Poets* had been reprinted by Halliwell in the Shakespeare Society's *Papers*, III (1847), pp. 172 *et seq.*

[3] Mr Ebsworth wrote: 'We believe it was written between 1620 (inclusive) and 1636: nearer the former year.'

the poem is corrected in several places, while it is found to be part of a poem of more than four times its own length, a poem which contains other literary allusions than those familiar to us from the fragment.

Readers of Randolph will remember that he has two poems on the loss of his little finger—'in a fray,' as one manuscript has it.[1] The calamity called forth verse not only from the sufferer, but also from his friend and schoolfellow, William Hemminge, the son of the famous part-editor of the First Folio of Shakespeare. Ashmolean MS. 38, art. 34 preserves Hemminge's effusion. It is referred to in connexion with Randolph's loss by Mr W. C. Hazlitt (*Randolph's Works*, II, 553 *note*) and by Sir Sidney Lee in his life of Randolph in the D.N.B. ('cf. Ashmole MS. 38, No. 34 for a bantering reply by Mr Hemmings to one of the poems'). Unfortunately it seems that neither Hazlitt nor Sir Sidney read the 'reply' through. Whichever of them had done so would have discovered the author and the original setting of the lines 'On the Time-Poets.'

William Hemminge, born 1602, was elected in 1621 from Westminster School to a scholarship at Christ Church, Oxford. He graduated B.A. in 1625 and M.A. in 1628. He is the author of *The Fatal Contract*, a tragedy based on French history, printed in 1653, and of *The Jewes Tragedy, or their fatal and final overthrow by Vespasian and Titus his son*, 1662, both of them full of Shakespearean reminiscences. A comedy of his, *The*

[1] The poems are reprinted in the Appendix. Randolph refers also to his loss in his poem to his Aunt Lane, and in his Ode to A. Stafford.

Coursinge of the Hare, or the Mad Cap, was acted at the Fortune Theatre 1632-33, but is no longer extant. Probably the other plays were much of the same date. According to Anthony á Wood, Hemminge 'left behind him greater monuments of his work and ability' than his published plays. Perhaps poems such as those we give here were in Wood's mind. Hemminge was apparently dead by 1653, but nothing is known of his later life or of his end.

Thomas Randolph was about three years younger than Hemminge. He was born in June, 1605, and was elected in 1623 from Westminster School to a scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge. He graduated B.A. in 1627-8 and M.A. in 1631. He became a minor fellow of his college in 1629 and a major fellow in 1631-2. At Cambridge he showed great brilliance, and was the author of a number of dramatic pieces acted in his college. They included *Aristippus, or the Joviall Philosopher*, and *The Conceited Pedler* (printed together in 1630), *The Muses Looking-Glasse*,[1] the original part of *Hey for Honesty, Down with Knavery*,[2] 'augmented and published by F.J.' 1651, a Latin comedy, *Cornelianum Dolium* (which I hold to be his), and a more ambitious venture, *The Jealous Lovers*, acted before the King and Queen at Trinity College in 1632 and

[1] I agree with Sir Sidney Lee that this was acted at Cambridge, and not at Salisbury Court, as Fleay held. We may, however, accept Fleay's date, 1632.

[2] Randolph's share in the authorship is disputed, but it can be defended. Cf. the reference to Maxentius (Hazlitt, p. 467) with that in the poem *In Lesbiam*, p. 540.

published in the same year. He was apparently in London, employed in some uncongenial task, about 1629-30,[1] but was again at Cambridge in 1631. In 1632 he was in London, living a riotous life and being very short of money. It was at this time, one might think, that he had his little finger cut off in a fray—and that his poems and Hemminge's were written. There is however some ground for putting the loss of the finger and the composition of Hemminge's Elegy two years further back.

[1]In his *Eclogue to Master Jonson*, Damon, who represents Randolph, after speaking of his love of Aristotle at Cambridge, laments:

> And yet I let this true delight alone,
> Call'd thence to keep the flock of *Corydon*.
> Ah woe is me, anothers flock to keep;
> The care is mine, the master shears the sheep!
> A flock it was that would not keep together;
> A flock that had no fleece, when it came hither.
> Nor would it learn to listen to my layes,
> For 'twas a flock made up of severall strayes.
> And now I would return to *Cham*, I hear
> A desolation frights the Muses there!

Fleay deduces from this that Randolph was manager of a theatre under a director, and says that the theatre must have been Salisbury Court. The lines are capable of various interpretations, though Hemminge's poem, l. 203, certainly implies that Randolph had been, if not himself a player, definitely connected with the stage. The last couplet evidently refers to the closing of the University on account of the plague from April to November, 1630, or to a subsequent scare in September, 1631. (Cooper, *Annals*, iii, 245.)

In *Aristippus*, of which two editions appeared in 1630 and which was probably performed at Cambridge in the early months of that year, there is a passage which if it does not refer to the loss of Randolph's finger is a remarkable anticipation of a future event. Near the end of the play Wildman asks Medico de Campo (*sc.* Richard Lichfeild)[1] if he thinks he can cure Aristippus's broken head. This dialogue follows:

"*Medico.* Him? why neighbour doe you not remember the Thumbe?
Wilde-man. What of the Thumbe? I haue not heard of it as yet Sir.
Medico. Why the Thumbe, the Thumbe, doe you not know the cure of the Thumbe?
Wild-man. No Sir, but I pray tell the cure of the Thumbe, doe you still remember 't Sir.
Medico. Remember 't, I, and perfectly, I haue it at my fingers end, and thus it is. Two Gentlemen were fight-

[1] In Sloan MS. 2531 of *Aristippus*, Medico de Campo is described as 'vaine glorious Quacksalu*er* personating Dick Lichfeild a Barber Surgeon in Cambridge.' Richard Lichfeild died, as the date of the proving of his will shows, about December, 1630. It is curious that he should have been a figure in the Nashe-Harvey controversy of more than thirty years before. To him Nashe dedicated his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*—and the last attack on Nashe (often attributed to Gabriel Harvey—contrary to all likelihood), *The Trimming of Thomas Nashe* Gentleman (1597) purports to be 'by the high-tituled patron *Don Richardo de Medico Campo*, Barber Chirurgion to Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge.' Its address to the Reader is signed 'Richard Lichfield.'

ing, one lost his Thumbe, I bechance comming by, tooke it vp, put it in my pocket, some two moneths after, meeting the Gentleman, I set on his Thumbe againe; and if he were now in *Cambridge*, I could haue his hand to shew for 't: why did you ne'er heare of the Thumbe Sir? 'tis strange you neuer heard mee speake of the Thumbe Sir."

If Randolph is here playing on his own misfortune, the loss of his finger must have taken place at latest in 1629, and the Elegy may have been written early in 1630 after *Aristippus* had been given (see l. 120).

I incline, however, to think that in *Aristippus* Randolph is not referring to his own case. The loss of a finger or thumb must have been a common occurrence in a duelling age, and Randolph seems merely to be poking fun at Dick Lichfeild's habit of boasting of his miraculous surgical successes. The date of Randolph's mishap and of his friend's Elegy remains uncertain, and it may have fallen as late as 1632. It seems at least probable that Hemminge's reference to Kendall and Fenner (l. 107) was based on his acquaintance with John Taylor's *Workes* (1630). See my note on the line.

Hemminge's 'Elegy' on his friend's finger runs to 248 lines. Of these the editor of *Choyce Drollery* extracted ll. 51-65 (unintentionally omitting l. 66), 67-90, 93-102, 105, 106, 111, 112, 243-248, and gave them the title 'On the Time-Poets.' Beginning in the middle of a sentence, he altered 'And might' to 'One night,' and turned the verb 'make' into 'made'—unless indeed in this case it is the Ashmolean MS. which has gone

wrong. This, however, is less likely, as the MS. text of the 'Time-Poets' lines does frequently enable us to improve on that given in *Choyce Drollery*.

Hemminge begins his Elegy by declaring that the subject demands 'high lines of blood and fire,' yet the poets are silent. The culprit should be slain with wit. He himself will sing of the finger's transportation to the realm of Pluto and of the solemn procession that accompanied it on foot. All the poets of the last age, dead or alive, were there, and each is tersely presented to us. Aided by Alecto's torch, they march in the darkness accompanied by artillery and foot-soldiers (dactyls, spondees, etc.). On the banks of Styx Charon demands his fare before ferrying them over. He is told that poets have no money, and he refuses them passage. The Water Poet intercedes for them in an oration. Charon is still obdurate. Three or four Puritanical fellows now appear upon the scene. The poets beg help of them in verse, but the only verse they value is that of 'Hopkinges or Tom Stone.' They 'quack at' Jonson, remembering his satire of them in *Bartholomew Fair*, but worship Middleton for his attack on the Spaniards in the *Game at Chess*. Middleton at their request tells them the story of the lost finger. But they have no pity, only hatred of Randolph for his anti-Puritan writings. He may, they think, even be a Jesuit. Charon ferries the Puritan party over, but still leaves the poets on the bank. At this the Muses mourn, and Minerva in passion sets fire to half-a-dozen libraries. Hermes, however, comes to the poets' help with some lately stolen quicksilver, and with it they appease Charon and are ferried

over. The finger is saluted by poets of all ages and lands. Chaucer gives the poets welcome, Spenser brings them to the Fairy Queen. The finger is presented to her, and she transforms it into a Maypole.

The same Ashmolean MS. 38 contains (art. 49) another poem by William Hemminge, written after he had been confined for a year in Ludgate Prison. Ludgate seems to have been used only as a prison for debtors, so the 'sin' Hemming speaks of was probably only extravagance. It is noticeable that the dedication of Hemminge's *Fatall Contract*, 1653 (Hemminge being then dead) states that 'This poem was composed by a worthy Gentleman at hours of his recess from happier employments.' Is this a euphemistic way of saying that it was written in Ludgate prison?

It is possible that Hemminge's imprisonment, whenever it took place, has something to do with the preservation of these two effusions of his pen. For Ashmolean MS. 38 is entirely in the handwriting of one Nicholas Burghe,[1] and it contains a poem by Burghe himself (art. 30) headed 'Being in prison and his M^{ris} fearing hee would dye thar by reason of the plague being amongst them, he wrights thus to her,' and further (art. 243) 'A carrecter of Ludgate' (prose), subscribed 'N B.' The author of the Ashmolean Catalogue imagines that it was during Burghe's confinement in Ludgate that he

[1] Mr Black, author of the *Catalogue of Ashmolean MSS.*, says that Burghe was in 1661 a poor knight of Windsor and was a correspondent of Ashmole's.

put the volume together. It seems likely therefore that he had Hemminge as a fellow-prisoner, and in that way was able to transcribe Hemminge's two poems.

Textual Note

In the following pages every detail of the text of MS. Ashmole 38 (spelling, punctuation, use of capitals, etc.) is reproduced as closely as possible, except that long ſ has been uniformly altered to s, and the abbreviation ꝛ for final -es, which occurs twenty-eight times in the longer poem and five times in the shorter, has been everywhere expanded. Errors corrected by the scribe are nowhere important, and have not been indicated.

For purposes of comparison the lines *On the Time-Poets*, as printed in *Choyce Drollery*, 1656, are added in an appendix, and numbered according to their place in the original poem.

Burghe's MS. of the Elegy is so lightly punctuated that it has seemed desirable, by adding a certain amount of stops, to remove obscurities which might otherwise persist until a second or third reading. This course has been pursued for the benefit of the general reader, but scholars who desire to have before them the exact state of the MS. may obtain it from the following indications. The MS. has no stop at the end of lines 4, 8, 9, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 22, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 61, 62, 64, 66, 68, 69, 70, 72, 74, 75, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 94, 95, 98, 100, 101, 102, 104, 105, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 124, 125, 128, 129, 130, 134, 135, 138, 140, 142, 144, 147, 148, 150, 152, 156, 158, 160, 162,

163, 164, 165, 166, 168, 172, 174, 178, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 191, 192, 194, 196, 198, 201, 204, 206, 208, 210, 211, 212, 214, 215, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 225, 228, 230, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, nor after *forgott* l. 61, *tacked* l. 97, *pynes* l. 99, *ballad* l. 106, *was* l. 119, *verse* l. 131, *fare* l. 137, *Riott* l. 141, *ryde* l. 141, *Nauigation* l. 146, *sing* l. 163, *groat* l. 168, *tryffeles* l. 171, *myne* l. 172, *Coyne* l. 173, *Charron* l. 173, *thes* l. 179, *poor* l. 179, *lynes* l. 181, *pray* l. 187, *ended* l. 191, *brother* l. 199, *on* l. 199, *scarrs* l. 201, *fayre* l. 211, *spoke* l. 214, *past* l. 215, *morne* l. 217, *Mercurye* l. 226, *siluer* l. 230, *thayrs* l. 231, *Ioy* l. 232, *Charron* l. 233, *Rablaiis* l. 235, *Tasso* l. 235, *Boccas* l. 235, *Horrace* l. 236, *Seneca* l. 237, *Plautus* l. 237, *present* l. 245, *Maypole* l. 246. The inverted commas in ll. 145, 165, 168, 171, 172, 174, 191, 199 and 212, and the brackets in ll. 51–2 are not in the MS.

The MS. of the Lines written in Ludgate has no stop after ll. 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 16, 20, 22, 24, 26, 27, nor after *made*, l. 5, *men*, l. 21, *repent* l. 27.

WILLIAM HEMMINGE'S ELEGY ON RANDOLPH'S FINGER

Ashm. MS. 38 fo. 26.

Mr Thomas Randall the Poett, his finger being cut of by a Riotous Gentleman, his frinde Mr William Hemminges made this Eligie on the same.

Howle howle my Sadder Muse and weep a strayne
All Elegiake, hence thou softer vayne
of venus penninges or of wrighting toyes
to slaue the vulgare eares of Captive boyes,
Thou 'Art now Imbarqu'd vppon a Redd-sea Theame
whear everye worde should bleed and Cause a streame
of sanguine passion such as wafted ore
pentheus torne lymbs to the Elizian shore,
Highe lines of blood and fier, but thes are fleed:
one[1] fingers loss hath stroke all poetts[2] dead.
Eles why doe thay, now thous so dully stand
wrighting no satire gaynst his bloody hand?
Inuention sharper then a two edgd sword
should runn hym throw and kill hym with a word.
Witt well digested lyes att safer ward
then Turner ore the strength of all the gaurd.
give hym a Cruell Cutt, but Carrye ytt soe
that hee take no advantage of the blow;
nor kyll nor Libell hym, but lett thy brayne
keep hym In Awe lest he transgress agayne
And In Thrasonicke Bouldnes Chance to Come
haueing Cutt all thy fingers from thy thumbe:
whilest I thy frind In a full Measure singe

[1] MS. our. [2] MS. poett.

thy fingers transportation to that kynge[1]
That rules the vnder world, and the sad state
Attending on ytt, to the Infernall gate.
Stay heer greude Readers, and A whyle behould
This fingers pompe In death, that nere wore gould
Inbost w^th^ diomondes or had euer byne
the Index to salt Lust to poynte out sinn,
but the sole Marginall finger, that did guyde
All eyes to looke on Learning In her pryde.
that w^ch^ soe ofte has toumbled ore a Verse
Is toumbled now ytt selfe Into a hearse,
Borne to yttes graue, by Art Inuention
Thrice blessed Nature, Imitation.
Ytt had byn drawne and wee In state aproche
but websters brother would nott lend a Coach:
hee swore thay all weare hired to Conuey
the Malfy dutches sadly on her way,
And wittye fortune ytt seemes thought ytt more meett
to haue our Poettes quayntly vse thayr feett.
Instead of verse vppon his Coffine sittes
our Neotericall refined wyttes
whose magnitude of brayne has had the force
to Crye a play downe to hould vpp discourse,
Our Classicke pates, and such as had the Brayne
to make a Ceasar speake In Ceasars strayne,
Seianus Lyke Seianus, hee whose Lyne
reuyues A Cattalyn In Cattalyn,
(And myght the great Appollo pleased w^th^ Benn
make the odd Number of the Muses ten),

[1] MS. kyne.

The fluente Flettcher, Beaumonte riche In sence
for Complement and Courtshypes quintesence,
Ingenious Shakespeare, Messenger that knowes
the strength to wright or plott In verse or prose,
Whose easye pegasus Can Ambell ore
some threscore Myles of fancye In an hower,
Clowd grapling Chapman whose Aeriall mynde
Soares att philosophie and strickes ytt blynd,
Dauborne I had forgott, and lett ytt bee,
hee dyed Amphybion by thy Ministrye,
Siluester Bartas whose Translatinge pate
Twynd or was Elder to our Lawreatt,
Deuyn composing Quarles, whose Lynes[1] asspire
to heauen, and rauysh the Celestiall quire,
The Aprile of all poesy, Tom May
that makes our Englishe speake Pharsalia,
Sandes Metamorphised Into a nother,
wee knowe nott Sandes, nor Ouid from each other,
Hee that soe well on Scoppius playd the Man
the Famous Digges, or Leonard Claudian,
the pithy Danyell whose salt lynes afford
A wayghty sentence In each little word,
Heroicke Drayton, Withers smarte In Ryme,
the verye Poett beadle of the tyme,
Pans Pastorall[2] Browne whose Infante Muse did squeake
At eighteen yeare better then others speake,
Shirlye the Morninge Childe the Muses Breed
and sent hyme vs wth Bayes borne on his head,
Deep In a dumpe Iacke forde alone was gott

[1] MS. Lyne. [2] MS. Pastroall.

W^th^ folded Armes and Melancholye hatt,
The squoblinge Middelton and Heywood sage
The Apollogetticke Attlas of the stage,
well of the goulden world hee could Intreat
but little of the Mettall hee could gett,[1]
fower score sweet babes he fashond from the lumpe,
for he was Christned In parnassus pumpe,
the Muses Gossips to Auroras bedd,
and since that tyme his face was euer redd:
More worthyes Like to thes I could Impart
but that wee are troubled w^th^ a broken hart.
Thus through the horror of Infernall deeps
w^th^ easye pases Each man softly Creeps,
but being Darke thay had Alectos Torch,
and this made Churchyard follow from his Porch
Poor torne tyde tacked; A lacke A lacke
you'd thincke his Cloathes weare buylt vppon his backe:
the whole frame hunge on pynes: to mend w^ch^ cloathes
In myrth thay sent hym to old father prose.
Of these sad Poettes this way rann the streame,
and Decker followed after In A dreame:
Tom Corriatt from his progresse being returnd
his shoos being mended w^th^ his soule then mournd:
Rounce Roble hoble, he that wrote so byg,
Bass for a ballad, Iohn Shanke for a Iigg,
Kendall and Fenner men of famous Cryme
that dealt In feet but nere wore sockes In Ryme,
Orderly thus disordred thay did goe,
true sorrowe knowes no Equipage In Woe:

MS. has ll. 87, 88 before 85, 86.

for sent by Iohnson as some Authors say
Broome went before and kyndly sweept the way.
Next heathen Broome, A bard whose learning lay
all In his beard, and reade a homylye,
A Rapsodye of old Confused lynes
begott In Merlines Dayes vppon the tymes.
Next to the Bard ther went the Maior Drume
A kinsman to the finger, Calld Thom thumbe:
The standerd was, because you shall not tryp vs,
A wittie pamphleter surnamd Aristippus:
phansie playd on the phyfe, a large goose-quill,
An Instrument In vse wth Poettes still:
The Artillery weare Muskittes pikes and on
that ridd vppon A pegasus A lone.
The maine Battallya did consist of foot,
Dactiles and spondies Tribractes and a root
of valliant hoofe beaters such as had bine
In tymes past old Iambeckes to the Queen:
for bullettes they had wordes w^{ch} kill a Mayne,
flashes of witt for mattch, Powder of brayne:
The pikes weare all longe Verse, and here and thare
an Elbowe verse for a more Emmynent speare.
Thus Marcht thay on and now att length are Come
for Transportation to Elizium.
The Crabbed Charron gins to tryme his boate,
smylling to see soe manye men of note
That must bee past, hee craues his fare; replye
full soone was made; Poettes had noe monye:
for wisdome temperance thrifte In woefull plight
weare layd behynd and weare quitte out of sight,
But Riott, vsed to ryde, now wth out boote

Ran by the Coffine naked and a foote.
Charron will giue noe passage, whear vppon
The water-poett makes an Oration.
"Charron Oh Charron, thou from whom we knowe
the Arte of Nauigation, how to row
To steere resteeme to Calke to stoope a leake,
how to a voyde or how a billow breake,
I am thy scholler tutred throwe and throwe
and roued a water boate to Quinborrowe.
Manye a fare haue I translated ore
and neuer stood to bargayne w^th^ the poor.
Thes are good fellowes and a Iouiall packe
that hath spent all theire meanes In smoake and sacke
and therfore little thought to pay more deare
for water after death then for smale beere.
had thy sad flud bine Nectar or deuyne
Nepenthe or some such Celestiall wyne,
I'le pawne my lyfe that each man would have brought
reserued for that same vse his Grandums groate,
And by theyr thrifte on Earth haue heapte more store
of wealth on the then all thou ferriest ore.
Thes men thy prayses sing, thy fare they tell,
w^ch^ makes the vsurer bringe his Coyne to hell.
'Shall I row w^th^ my Lord ouer the ferry?'
was made by thes In malligoe and sherrye:
The learned songe In honor of the Boateman
was meant by the and 'Ile giue the a groat, man.'
And will you stand w^th^ thes, why thes are thay
w^ch^ In thayr Life tyme neuer vsed to pay
for such poor tryffeles. Custome none should breake."
"Nor will I myne, twill make my boate to leake:

yf thay want Coyne, quoth Charron, lett them goe
and wright an entertaynment or a showe."
w^th^ that hee pusht them by, for here hee saw
three or fower meager fellowes thyne and rawe
w^th^ enuye not w^th^ studdy, and thay came
w^th^ Orphants goodes new Gulld at Amsterdame.
to thes, though thay seemed poor, the Poettes went
and to theyr worships Pamphelettes did present
of pretty begging lynes; but they will none
but what weare made by hopkinges or Tom stone.
Thay Quakte at Iohnson as by hym thay pase
because of Trebulation Holsome and Annanias,
But Middleton thay seemd much to Adore
fors learned Excercise gaynst Gundomore.
To whom thay thus pray, Can you Edifye
our understandinges In this misterye?
w^th^ Teares the storye hee begane whilest thay
prickt vpp thayr eares and did begin to pray.
the sad tale ended, Nosing out 'prophane',
straight for the finger wisht the man weare slayne:
such was thayr Charritye cause his sarsnett hood
so vilye wrote a gaynst the Brotherhood,
And w^ch^ was worse that lately he did pen
vyle thinges for pigmeyes gaynst the Sonns of men,
The Righteous man and the regenerate
being laught to scorne thare by the reprobate.
"brother, sayd on, you spurr you^r^ Zeale to slow
to checke att thes thinges when the learned knowe
Thes arre but scarrs: the woundes dothe deeper lye:
Who knowes but hee wrightes to a Monastarye
and those whome wee call players may In tyme

Luther abuse and fence for Bellermyne?
The Pope has Iuglinge trickes and can vse slightes
to Conuerte Players Into Iesuittes.
the Metamorphises wee sees no other
then when A Cobler turnes a preaching brother.
The Catholicke sculls of Spayne and Ittalye
workes all by Vndermining Villanye.
I graunte theyr show is fayre, but this you knowe,
A Papist tutore makes his Pupill soe."
The finger waxing angrye att this poynt
fayne would have spoke, but ytt was out of Ioynte.
The puritaines are past, the Poettes stayde,
who for a better tyde and hower prayed.
The muses morne; Minerva full of Ire
sett halfe a dozen Libaries on fier:
Such was the sight that ytt did seeme to bee
A Doomsday onlye framed for Poetrye.
Much of Ben Iohnson In her rage did fry
whilest hee deemd Vulcan for his enemye,
And manye learned pates as well as hee
weare sadly Martred for this Infamye:
And ytt was thought had not great Mayas sunn,
The winged Mercurye, to Ioues Courte runn
And Promised present ayde, all Poetry had bine
for euer blasted and accounted sinn.
But Hermes brought w^{ch} he did late purloyne
A box of quicke siluer, the poettes Coyne,
An actiue Cashe w^{ch} now is thayrs, anone
the Vintners Ioy, and Presto, ytt is gonn.
this thay gaue Charron, thus theyre Creddites saue,
and being ferride ore abused the knaue.

Rablaiis, Tasso, Boccas, Anaccreon,
Virgill and Horrace, smothe tongude Claudian,
Seneca, Plautus, Terrence and the rest
salute the finger and applaude the Iest.
Pluto and Ceres daughter Absent weare
and little for the finger did thay care,
for w^ch^ the Poettes swore that thay shoulde bee
a fertill Coupell In stirillitye.
Ould Chawcer wellcomes them vnto the greene
And Spencer bringes them to the Fayrie[1] Queene;
The finger thay present, and she In grace
transformes ytt to a May-pole, wheare now trace
her skippinge seruants and doth nyghtly singe
and daunce about the same a Fayrie Ringe

finis

[1] MS. Fayre.

WILLIAM HEMMINGE'S LINES WRITTEN IN LUDGATE

Ashm. 38 fo 39

Mr Wm Hemminges being In prison In Ludgate wrightes t[1]

In Ludgate Here A[1] compleat yeare
In bondage I have bine;
My drincke was teares, my food was Cares,
the sacrifice for sinn;
The bed was made, whearon I laide
my wearied bones to rest,
of Feathered Cares, winged wth dispaires,
wch sore my harte Opprest;
All Ioy I tooke was in Godes booke,
noe pleasure to that theame,
Oh hear my soule wthout Controule
Could bathe In siluer streame;
Noe musicke here, did sothe myne eare
but soundes of men in greefe
Who att the gratte In woefull state
doth bellow for releife.
Poore men that soe are brought to woe
To leade a Captiue Life
And spend the tyme of all their prime
from parentes Children wyfe!
Hard harted men, that little ken
what is 't to feele the smarte,
To discombine whom god dothe Ioyne
And seuer hart from harte!
Did thay but feele, how worse then steele
ytt woundes the soule wth care,
Thay would repent, att least relent,
Thay euer layd vs Here.

finis

[1] It is hard to say whether the MS. has 'A' or 'I.'

1–50 wanting in the *Time-Poets*.

9. *fleed* = 'fled.' Cp. l. 79, 'breed' = 'bred,' and l. 147 'resteeme' = 'restem.' Shakespeare rimes 'sheds': 'deeds,' *Sonnet* xxxiv, ll. 13, 14.

10. *one*. MS. 'our.'

poetts, MS. 'poett.'

16. John Turner, a fencing master, in 1605 accidentally put out one of Lord Sanquhar's eyes. Years later, Lord Sanquhar hired two men to assassinate Turner. He was shot dead in his house in Whitefriars 11 May 1612. For this both the assassins and Lord Sanquhar himself were hanged.

24. *kynge*, MS. 'kyne.'

28–33. It was not the ring-finger nor the index, but the *little* finger. Cp. Randolph *On the losse of his Finger* (p. 35 *inf.*):

> 'Therefore dear finger though thou be
> Cut from those muscles govern'd thee . . .
> Yet still as in a margent stand,
> To point my thoughts to fix upon
> The hope of Resurrection':

and *Vpon the losse of his little finger* (p. 34 *inf.*):

> 'Oft didst thou scan my verse, where if I misse
> Henceforth I will impute the cause to this.
> A finger's losse (I speake it not in sport)
> Will make a verse a Foot too short.'

33. *toumbled ore*, turned over, examined. See *Oxford Dict.*, *tumble*, vb. 11, 8.

35, 36. *Art*, *Inuention*, *Thrice blessed Nature*, *Imitation*, the faculties, natural and acquired, of the poet. Cp. T. Wilson, *Arte of Rhetorique*, *ad in.*: 'the arte helpeth well to dispose and order matters of our owne inuention . . . for though many by nature without art haue proued worthy men, yet is arte a surer guide then nature.'

37. *drawne* in a carriage, not 'borne' by men.

38. *websters brother*. Was the dramatist's brother an undertaker or livery-stable keeper? Webster's *Dutchesse of Malfy* was printed in 1623.

42. Hemminge introduces dead writers and living writers indiscriminately. If his Elegy be dated 1632, the dead included Webster, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shakespeare, Dauborne, Sylvester, Daniel, Drayton (d. 1631), Middleton, Churchyard, Coryat, Stanyhurst, Kendall (?) and Fenner (?): the living, Jonson, Massinger, Chapman, Quarles, May, Sandys, Sir H. Wotton, L. Digges, Wither, Browne, Shirley, Ford, Heywood, Dekker, Basse, J. Shank, Broome, J. Taylor.

feet. A play on the metrical sense of the word.

48. Is this a reference to Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* or to Chapman's *Cæsar and Pompey* (published 1631)? A play by Webster, Drayton, etc., on *Cæsar's Fall* accepted by Henslowe 22 May 1602 was probably never printed and so forgotten.

49, 50. Jonson's *Sejanus* was printed 1605, *Catiline* 1611.

51, 52. *And myght ... make. T.P.* 'One night ... made.' I think one may assume that the MS. version, though difficult, is the original, and that the lines are parenthetic and express the desire that Apollo would constitute Jonson the 'tenth Muse.' Mr Ebsworth, assuming that the tenth Muse must be a lady, suggested the Fairy Queen! But Shakespeare, addressing his male patron, in Sonnet xxxviii writes:

> 'O give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
> Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ...
> Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
> Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
> And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
> Eternal numbers to outlive long date.'

56. The line is an improvement on that in *T.P.*:

> 'The strength of Plot to write in verse and prose.'

57. *can*, *T.P.* 'will.'

61. *Dauborne*, for which *T.P.* has the wrong form 'Danbourn.'
62. *thy*. *T.P.* 'the.' Perhaps the latter is better, if the reference is to Daborne's having left the stage to take holy orders, and so become an 'Amphibion.' 'Thy' may have been substituted from an idea that 'Amphibion' was a name in the vocative case.
63. *Translatinge*. *T.P.*, perversely, 'translatique.' Reference to Joshuah Sylvester, the translator of Du Bartas.
65. *Lynes*. MS. 'Lyne.'
66. This line is missing in *T.P.*
67. *Tom May*. *T.P.* 'in May.' May's translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia* appeared in 1627.
68. *that*. *T.P.* 'who.'
69. *Into*, *T.P.* 'so into.'
70. *nor*. *T.P.* 'and.' Sandys' translation of five books of the *Metamorphoses* appeared in 1621, of the whole work in 1626.
71. *Scoppius*, *T.P.* 'Scotus.' Mr Ebsworth makes no attempt to explain who it was that 'so well on *Scotus* play'd the Man.' The right reading is no doubt 'Scoppius.' Gaspar Scioppius (Schoppe) was a German scholar who abjured Protestantism in 1598 and was provided with a lodging in the Vatican. He attacked James I venomously in several works. In one of them, his *Ecclesiasticus*, 1611, he printed Sir Henry Wotton's famous definition of an Ambassador and used it to impeach the honour of the King. Wotton wrote a Latin 'Apology' to Welser of Augsburg in which he treated Scioppius with great severity. Chamberlain refers to its appearance in a letter of 17 Dec. 1612. It was reprinted in *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1651, and a translation was added in the third edition of the *Reliquiæ*, 1672. Probably Sir Henry Wotton is here meant. 'Schioppius' is one of the speakers in the 'Prologus Posterior' of *Ignoramus* as given before King James on 13 May 1615 and is referred to in Act II, Scene 3.
72. *The Famous Digges*. Mr Ebsworth, though he dated the *T.P.* soon after 1620, assumed that the Digges here meant was Dud-

ley Digges, born 1612. It is more probably Thomas Digges the mathematician, who died in 1595.

Leonard Claudian. Leonard Digges (1588-1635) published in 1617 a verse-translation from Claudian entitled 'The Rape of Proserpine.' Verses of his in memory of Shakespeare appear in the First Folio.

76. *beadle. T.P.* 'Beadles.' Having the plural form before him, Mr Ebsworth was driven to account for the inclusion of Drayton with Withers. But the only 'Poet-beadle of the Time' here referred to is G. Withers or Wither, whose *Abuses stript and whipt* got him into trouble in 1613.

77. *Pans Pastorall Browne.* In the first book of *Britannia's Pastorals*, published 1613, William Browne (1591-1643?) implies that this book was written before he was twenty. See *D.N.B.*

Pastorall. MS. 'Pastroall.'

78. *yeare. T.P.* 'yeares.'

79. *the Morninge Childe.* Cp. l. 89.

Breed = bred. *T.P.* 'bred.' See l. 9 n.

80. *T.P.* for this line has 'And sent him born with bayes upon his head.'

81. *Iacke, T.P.* 'John.' It is possible that this is not, as commonly taken, descriptive of Ford's usual demeanour, but an allusion to his 'Lover's Melancholy' published 1629.

83. *squoblinge. T.P.* 'squibbing,' which epithet Mr Ebsworth considered 'not unhappily chosen,' 'for he almost always fails to impress us fully by his great powers.' But Hemminge apparently meant to designate him as 'contentious' rather than 'ineffective.' It is clear from ll. 185, 186 below that Middleton was *persona ingrata* to him. Jonson spoke of Middleton to Drummond as 'a base fellow.'

84. T. Heywood's *Apology for Actors* appeared in 1612.

85. *the goulden world. T.P.* 'the Golden age.' Heywood's play *The Golden Age* was published in 1611.

87, 88. I have followed *T.P.* in putting these lines after ll. 85, 86.

'Christned' and 'Gossips' are thus brought together, and we get the sense: 'He was christened with the Muses as his godmothers and as the son of Aurora.' The Ashmolean MS. puts ll. 85, 86 after ll. 87, 88 and leaves l. 89 unintelligible.

87. *fower score*. *T.P.* 'Three-score.'

89. *Gossips*. *T.P.* 'Gossip' (? = 'godchild').

90. *since that tyme his face was euer*. *T.P.* 'ever since that time his face was.'

91, 92 omitted in *T.P.* In 'broken hart' there may be a reference, so Mr Brett-Smith thinks, to Ford's *Broken Heart*, printed 1633 and acted some time earlier.

94. *easye pases*. *T.P.* 'equal pace.'

man. *T.P.* 'of them.'

95. *but*. *T.P.* 'And.'

Alectos. *T.P.* 'Alectors.'

96. *this*. *T.P.* 'that.'

97. *torne tyde*. *T.P.* 'ragged, torn &.'

98. *buylt*. *T.P.* 'pinn'd.' Hemminge, who is full of reminiscences of Shakespeare, is here thinking of *II Henry IV*, Act III, sc. 2, l. 154: 'his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins.'

99. *on*. *T.P.* 'with.'

102. A reference to *Dekker his Dreame* (1620).

103, 104 omitted in *T.P.* Tom Coryat returned from his first journey in 1608. In 1612 before starting again he hung up in in the church at Odcombe the shoes in which he had walked from Venice. From his second journey he never returned, dying at Surat in December 1617.

105. *Rounce, Roble hoble*. Rightly identified by Mr Ebsworth with Richard Stanyhurst (1547-1618). Nashe in his preface to Greene's *Arcadia or Menaphon* professes to give Stanyhurst's description of a tempest:

> 'Then did he make heauens vault to rebound
> With rounce robble hobble.'

M'Kerrow (*Nashe's Works*, note on III, 320, 1) quotes Stanyhurst's actual words: 'A clapping fyerbolt (such as oft, with rounce robel hobble | *Ioue* toe the ground clattreth)' and points out Massinger's adoption of the phrase (*Virgin Martyr*, IV, ii): 'I'll come upon her with rounce, robble-hobble.'

wrote so big. T.P. 'writ so high big.'

106. *Bass*, sc. William Basse, author of the epitaph on Shakespeare, 'Renowned Spencer lie a thought more nigh.'

John Shanke, an actor, one of Prince Henry's company in 1603, and a rhymer. See *D.N.B.* A song 'Now Chrecht me save, Poor Irish knave' by J. Shancke is found in Ashm. MS. 38 art. 131.

107-110 omitted in *T.P.*

107. *Kendall and Fenner*. I owe my identification of these worthies chiefly to the kind assistance of my friend, Dr R. B. McKerrow. He writes: "It seems that John Taylor the Water Poet challenged William Fenner, 'who arrogantly and falsely entitles himself the Kings Maiesties Riming Poet,' to a trial of wit at the Hope Theatre on the Bank side on 7 Oct. 1614, and paid him 10s. as earnest money. Fenner, however, failed to turn up, and Taylor thereupon wrote a poem entitled 'Taylors Revenge.' Fenner replied in 'Fennors Defence,' which Taylor answered in 'A Cast over the Water to William Fennor.' All three poems are included in Taylor's *Workes* (1630), the two earlier having been already printed in 1615. Fenner in his 'Defence' refers to a former challenge of his own to one Kendall, who, I suppose, was an actor. (A William Kendall was an actor in 1597-8 (*Henslowe's Diary*, ed. Greg, II, 491) and a Thomas Kendall was connected, as an actor or otherwise, with the Children of the Queen's Revels in 1604. (*ibid.*) But these references are rather early, and this man may be another.) Fenner (or Fennor as his name is more often spelt) seems to have been a rhymer much of the Taylor sort. The titles of several trivial pamphlets of his are in Hazlitt's *Handbook*. His lines above referred to run as follows:

'And let me tell thee this, to calme thy rage,
I chaleng'd *Kendall* on the Fortune Stage;
And he did promise 'fore an Audience,
For to oppose me, note the accidence:
I set vp Bills, the people throng'd apace,
With full intention to disgrace, or grace;
The house was full, the trumpets twice had sounded:
And though he came not, I was not confounded,
But stept vpon the Stage, and told them this;
My aduerse would not come: not one did hisse;
But flung me Theames: I then *extempore*
Did blot his name from out their memorie,
And pleasd them all, in spight of one to braue me,
Witnesse the ringing Plaudits that they gaue me."

Our Kendall is perhaps the 'rhymer Kendall' who turns up in another connexion. Samuel Rogers of Queens' College, Cambridge, as Tripos at the Bachelors' Comitia in 1632-3, parodied Randolph's Prevaricator verses of the preceding July (see ll. 117, 118 note) and made fun of Randolph:

'Prodet Aristippus titubans sub lumine lippus, . . .
Ritumator Kandall Thomæ vult cedere—' (sc. 'Randall').

The lines are preserved in Rawl. Poet. MS. 62 fo. 1.

The crime the two men were famous for was the breach of their engagements, presumably.

111. *for sent by Iohnson. T.P.* 'Sent by Ben Johnson.' Brome, or Broome, had been Jonson's servant. Jonson addresses him in charming lines. Randolph and his friends, as Gifford pointed out, seem to have been antagonistic to him. In his ode to Jonson, 'Ben, do not leave the stage,' Randolph writes:

'And let those things in plush,
Till they be taught to blush
Like what they will, and more contended bee
With what *Broome* swept from thee.'

There is apparently a pun in 'heathen Broome' ('a broom made of heath').

113-242 wanting in *T.P.*

113. *A bard.* I have not identified this writer. A friend ingeniously suggests Oliver Cromwell's Huntingdon schoolmaster, Dr Thomas Beard (ob. 10 Jan. 1632), author of *The Theatre of Gods Judgments* (1597). This book was printed for the third time, 'encreased with many more examples,' in 1631. But could he be called a 'bard,' unless as a mere pun on his name?

117, 118. *Maior Drume.* Drum Major, chief drummer.

R. Johnson published *The History of Tom Thumbe* in 1621, and a second edition in 1630. In Randolph's *Oratio Praevaricatoria* (July 1632), making fun of P. Hausted's *Rival Friends*, he says: 'Iam sileat Iack Drum: taceat miracula Tom Thumb.'

119, 120. *standerd.* Probably, as often, = 'standard-bearer,' while 'Aristippus' is a reference to Randolph's *Aristippus or the Joviall Philosopher* (1630).

125. *Battallya.* Hemminge's *Jewes Tragedy*, 1662, has twice over the form 'Batalio.'

132. *an Elbowe verse*, a hypermetrical verse. See the *O.D.* 'Elbowic.'

137. *past.* Cp. l. 215 n.

141. *without boote*, perhaps with a second meaning 'having no remedy.'

144. *The water-poett.* John Taylor.

147. *resteeme*, restem. See l. 9 note. The only example in the *O.D.* is Shakespeare, *Othello*, I, iii, 37 (of ships): 'and now they do restem their backward course.'

150. *water boate*, query, 'paper boate.' The reference is to John Taylor's tract: *The praise of Hempseed; with The voyage of Mr. Roger Bird and the Writer hereof, in a Boate of browne Paper from London to Quinborough in Kent.* It is included in his *Workes* (1630).

160. *Grandums groate.* The Oxford Dictionary has examples of 'grandam gold' = hoarded wealth.

165. 'Shall I row with my Lord over the ferry?' 'the Boatman,' Ile give thee a groat man', were apparently all songs of the time. The tune of 'The Boatman' is given by Chappell, *Popular Music.*

166. *malligoe*, Malaga wine.

172. *Nor.* Charron's speech begins here.

174. *an entertaynment.* Randolph's *Muses' Looking Glass* had been originally called *The Entertainment.*

178. *Amsterdame*, of course the refuge and hotbed of Puritan exiles.

182. *hopkinges or Tom stone.* 'Hopkinges' is presumably John Hopkins (died 1570), who with Sternhold and others, made the famous metrical version of the Psalms. 'The initials of the author were added to each psalm: those of T.S. (T. Sternhold) to 43, those of J.H. (John Hopkins) to 56' (*D.N.B.*). I have not traced any religious versifier named Thomas Stone. Can the name have been suggested by the 'T.S.' mentioned above?

183. *Quakte*, not, I think, 'quaked', but 'quacked'. The *O.D.* gives '*Quack* vb² 2' 'to make a noisy outcry,' and quotes from a sermon of Bp. M. Smith of 1624: 'busie-bodies that will dare . . . to quacke against their betters.'

184. i.e. because of Jonson's satirical portraits of Puritans in *Bartholomew Fair.*

186. Thomas Middleton, dramatist (1570?-1627), in his play *A Game at Chess* (1624), when the Spanish marriage had been broken off and English opinion was inflamed against Spain, ventured to allegorize the political situation as a game of chess. The play was popular through its appeal to Protestant feeling, but it called forth a complaint from the Spanish Ambassador that the two Kings and Gondomar, his own predecessor, had been brought on the stage 'in a rude and dishonourable fashion.'

188. *this misterye*, the procession of the poets to Styx.

193. *cause his sarsnett hood*
so vilye wrote a gaynst the Brotherhood,

i.e. because Randolph when at Cambridge had disparaged the Puritans. One would suppose that 'sarsnet [=silk] hood' specially implied the M.A. hood, as opposed to the fur hood of the Bachelor. If the reference is to the *Muses' Looking Glass*, the passage is a final proof that the play was produced at Cambridge. Its opening scene is a dialogue between Bird the feather-man, and Mistress Flowerdew, 'two of the sanctified fraternity of Blackfriars.'

Puritans, represented by 'Ananias Goggle a devout brother,' are also satirized in *Hey for Honesty*, &c., which was in its original form, as I believe, Randolph's work, and written for a Cambridge audience.

195. *lately he did pen*
vyle thinges for pigmeyes gaynst the Sonns of men.

Hemminge here tells us what Randolph had lately been writing, but with tantalizing obscurity. Had he been writing a play attacking the Puritans which was acted by boys? It is implied that whatever the work was it had been acted or published. But I cannot identify it with any known work of Randolph's.

212. Probably a general remark, and not a reference to the fact that Randolph's 'tutor' Ben Jonson had been a Catholic from 1598 to 1610.

215. *past*, passed, ferried over—cp. l. 137.

222. The destruction of his library by fire, c. 1622, drew from Ben Jonson his *Execration against Vulcan*.

235. *Rablaiis*. Hemminge's *Fatal Contract*, Act IV, Sc. iii, has 'Bless me Rablais.'

239. *Ceres daughter*, Proserpine, wife of Pluto.

242. The line is modelled on Ovid, *Tristia*, V, viii, 18, 'et tantum constans in levitate sua est.' cp. Gascoigne, ed. Cunliffe, I, p. 459, 'Constant yet was never none But in unconstancy alone';

Sharpham, *Cupids Whirligig*, 40^{v}, 'Constant in nothing but vnconstancie'; Lyly, *Gallathea* 1, i, 19, 'Fortune, constant in nothing but inconstancie'; A. Broke, *Romeus and Juliet*, 'In nothing Fortune constant is saue in vnconstancie.'

243-48 are included in *T.P.* where 'The finger they present' is unexplained by anything that has gone before, and must have suggested the fragmentary character of the poem.

244. *Fayrie*, MS. 'Fayre,' *T.P.* 'fairy.'

246. *transformes*, *T.P.* 'transform'd.'

wheare now, *T.P.* ''bout which.'

trace = 'dance.'

247. *and doth*, *T.P.* 'that do.'

APPENDIX

ON THE TIME-POETS

ONe night the great *Apollo* pleas'd with *Ben*,
Made the odde number of the Muses ten;
The fluent *Fletcher*, *Beaumont* rich in sense,
In Complement and Courtships quintessence:
Ingenious *Shakespeare*, *Massinger* that knowes
The strength of Plot to write in verse and prose:
Whose easie Pegassus will amble ore
Some threescore miles of Fancy in an houre;
Cloud-grapling *Chapman*, whose Aerial minde
Soares at Philosphy, and strikes it blinde;
Danbourn I had forgot, and let it be,
He dy'd Amphibion by the Ministry;
Silvester, *Bartas*, whose translatique part
Twinn'd, or was elder to our Laureat;
Divine composing *Quarles*, whose lines aspire
The April of all Poesy in May,
Who makes our English speak *Pharsalia;*
Sands metamorphos'd so into another
We know not *Sands* and *Ovid* from each other;
He that so well on *Scotus* play'd the Man,
The famous *Diggs*, or *Leonard Claudian;*
The pithy *Daniel*, whose salt lines afford
A weighty sentence in each little word:
Heroick *Draiton*, *Withers*, smart in Rime,
The very Poet-Beadles of the Time:
Panns pastorall *Brown*, whose infant Muse did squeak
At eighteen yeares, better than others speak:
Shirley the morning-child, the Muses bred,
And sent him born with bayes upon his head:

Deep in a dump *John Ford* alone was got
With folded armes and melancholly hat;
The squibbing *Middleton*, and *Haywood* sage,
Th' Apologetick Atlas of the Stage;
Well of the Golden Age he could intreat,
But little of the Mettal he could get;
Threescore sweet Babes he fashion'd from the lump,
For he was Christ'ned in *Parnassus* pump;
The Muses Gossip to *Aurora's* bed,
And ever since that time his face was red.
Thus through the horrour of infernall deeps,
With equal pace each of them softly creeps,
And being dark they had *Alectors* torch,
And that made *Churchyard* follow from his Porch,
Poor, ragged, torn, & tackt, alack, alack,
You'd think his clothes were pinn'd upon his back.
The whole frame hung with pins, to mend which clothes,
In mirth they sent him to old Father Prose:
Of these sad Poets this way ran the stream,
And *Decker* followed after in a dream;
Rounce, *Robble*, *Hobble*, he that writ so high big
Basse for a Ballad, *John Shank* for a Jig:
Sent by *Ben Johnson*, as some Authors say,
Broom went before and kindly swept the way:
Old *Chaucer* welcomes them unto the Green,
And *Spencer* brings them to the fairy Queen;
The finger they present, and she in grace
Transform'd it to a May-pole, 'bout which trace
Her skipping servants, that do nightly sing,
And dance about the same a Fayrie Ring.

Choyce Drollery, 1656, sig. B3.

VPON THE LOSSE OF HIS LITTLE FINGER.

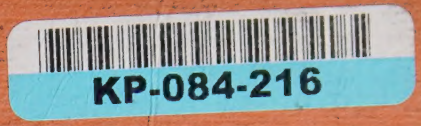
Arithmetique nine digits, and no more
Admits of, then I still have all my store.
For what mischance hath tane from my left hand,
It seemes did only for a Cipher stand.
But this I'le say for thee departed joynt,
Thou wert not given to steale, nor pick, nor point
At any in disgrace; but thou didst go
Vntimely to thy Death only to show
The other members what they once must doe;
Hand, arme, legge, thigh, and all must follow too.
Oft didst thou scan my verse, where if I misse
Henceforth I will impute the cause to this.
A fingers losse (I speake it not in sport)
Will make a verse a Foot too short.
Farewell deare finger, much I greive to see
How soone mischance hath made a Hand of thee.

From *Poems* . . . by Thomas Randolph, Oxford, 1638, p. 41.

On the losse of his Finger.

How much more blest are trees then men,
Their boughes lopt off will grow agen;
But if the steele our limbs dissever,
The joint once lost is lost for ever.
But fondly J dull foole complaine,
Our members shall revive againe;
And thou poore finger that art dust
Before the other members, must
Returne as soone at heavens command,
And reunited be to th' hand,
As those that are not ashes yet;
Why doest thou then so e[n]vious sit,
And malice Oakes that they to fate
Are tenants of a longer date?
Their leases doe more years include
But once expir'd, are nere renew'd.
Therefore dear finger though thou be
Cut from those muscles govern'd thee,
And had thy motion at command,
Yet still as in a margent stand,
To point my thoughts to fix upon
The hope of Resurrection:
And since thou canst no finger be
Be a deaths head to humble me,
Till death doth threat her sting in vaine,
And we in heaven shake hands againe.

From *Poems* by T. Randolph, 2nd ed. 1640, p. 121.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